Rela McMullin Autobiographical History through 1935.

(There are several versions which all vary slightly, of which this is an amalgamation. Only one is dated, September 1977, when Rela was 80 years old.)

Flavo, Rela, Glen 1897

On August 28, 1897, a tiny baby girl entered the home of Albert Orlando and Barbara Ann Bryner McMullin, and she came to stay. It was in a small two room house in Wellington, Carbon County, Utah. They already had a boy, Glen Albert, who was almost three years old, and a little blue-eyed girl, Flavo, about nineteen months of age.

Their next choice of names was "Rela." My father gave it to me when he blessed me January 24, 1898, in Price, Carbon County, Utah. They said I wasn't well enough before. My mother said the midwife had me wear a little black hood for headaches. I always wondered how she could know I had headaches. I had allergies, and I guess they didn't know about allergies at that time.

When I was eight months old my father was called on a mission to the Southern States. We were living in Wellington at that time, and my grandfather Albert Eals McMullin was the bishop. My father had been freighting before the railroads were built to mines and settlements south and west and east of Salt Lake City.

Albert Orlando and Barbara Ann McMullin

He sold his freight wagon, his team of eight horses, harnesses, and his home in Wellington and moved my mother, my brother Glen, and my sister Flavo and me to Price, Carbon County, into my grandfather and grandmother Bryner's honey house, a small two room building next to the big rock Bryner home. There they kept bees and extracted honey from the combs and prepared it to sell and use. The bees never stung my grandmother, but others had to put on a screened bonnet when they went near the hives. My mother was a good seamstress and sewed for the elite women in Price to help us along. She had earned $20 sewing and debated whether she should send it to her missionary, keep it for her little family, or pay her tithing. She decided to pay her tithing, so she gave it to her bishop. Before she left the church house, a man came up to her and said, "Sister McMullin, you must be in need, with your husband serving the Lord on a mission," and he gave her $20. She smiled and thanked him and went home happy. She had done her duty and still had $20 to send to her missionary. I learned in my youth that it paid to pay my tithing, and I have always tried to do it.

My grandfather, who was blind, made baskets, both to use and to sell. He had been an artist and worked in an art shop in Switzerland. While butchering a pig for food, one leg slipped off the stick it was hanging on and hit him in the eye and broke the eyeball. Quite soon after that he was very ill with

typhoid fever and lost the sight in the other eye. He only saw one of his 21 children, and that one died while crossing the plains. Polygamy was common at that time, and grandfather already had a wife and family when he married my grandmother. She was also from Switzerland and worked for a weaver. She spun thread and wove it into cloth, dyed it different colors, and then left her family for the gospel, coming to America with the family she had worked for. She learned the trade of weaving silk, and even carried silkworms in her bosom to keep them warm until they hatched.

While living in Carbon County, Grandfather Bryner's two youngest sons, Enoch and Alma, took him to the marshes to gather reeds, and then dried them, and he wove them into very nice baskets of all kinds. One day as he was weaving a basket my mother told me to go out and bring Grandfather in to dinner. I couldn't talk then, but I could understand well, and just as I laid my hand on his knee, he cut a reed. He hadn't heard me, and he cut into my cheek. He led me into the house, and I guess they heard me. He felt really bad, and my mother said that afterwards she would often see him trying to feel the scar. He was afraid he had spoiled my face. I have carried the scar for many years. I always thought he favored me a little.

Grandpa and Grandma Bryner with Aunt Lilly about 1890

The Bryner family had lived in Toquerville, and that was where my mother was born. There each child had to prepare and help dry a certain amount of fruit each day, and then Grandfather Bryner made a trip to Salt Lake City and exchanged it for shoes and bolts of cloth. It took two weeks to make the trip, and one of his boys drove the wagon.

I remember his kindness when he let me help him fix treats that he had brought from Dixie, where he spent much of his time working in the St. George Temple. He had come home to Price for his 75th birthday, bringing tubs of almonds, dates, raisins, and figs. He had little 75 bags, one for each of his descendants, and he said, "put a handful of this and one of that and that into the bags as treat."

One fourth of July when the town was celebrating, he gave each of us grandchildren a nickel and we ran off to have fun, and I lost my nickel. I went back and told him, and he gave me a dime. The rest didn't think that was fair. He spent a lot of his time in the St. George Temple, and even spent his winters there after they moved to Price. Mother's youngest sister Edith stayed in St. George to help her blind father, my grandfather Bryner, work in the temple until his Temple days were over. She did a lot of initiatory work on the Bryner line. She married Thomas Sheppick there and he became my uncle Tom. Grandfather Bryner died in St. George and was buried there. Many years later I had the privilege of going to St. George to help put a large stone by his grave and have it dedicated.

I grew up with my cousins. There was Uncle George and Aunt Josephine Fausett with Lynn, Zella, and Grace, Uncle Peter and Aunt Rose Anderson, with Orson, Arvil, and Verena and Erma Anderson, Aunt Lilly Frandson and Uncle Rass with Waldo and Gertrude. Uncle Jim and Aunt Jannie in Helper, and Uncle Enoch, Aunt Ella and Uncle Alma and Aunt Lapreal and families in Helper. Johnnie Bryner had Vida, Lola around my age, later Belva and Clifta. Aunt Lilly had Waldo.

When I was three or four years old, my father returned from his mission. I was still only a baby, but I remember when he returned. We were so glad to see him, and he brought hazel nuts and a beautiful

quilt the sisters had made for him to show how they loved him and his message. It was made out of bright velvet pieces, each embroidered around with pretty silk thread. We enjoyed it for many years. Our family was badly in need of money, so we moved to Sunnyside so he could work in the coal mines. My younger brother Urban and sister Thelma were born in Sunnyside. I remember how we had two wash days per week on our washboard and hung the clothes out on a line to dry. I remember, small as I was, when they brought my father home on a stretcher. He had been crushed in a mine accident in which two men were killed. My mother said, "No more mines," and she meant it. We moved back to Price.

Edith came along. At that time Uncle Tom Sheppick and my Aunt Edith, the youngest girl in the family, moved to Green River, Utah. They liked it there and encouraged us to come. Aunt Edith told me she used to like to tend me when I was a baby, and she was 14 years old. Now would have a chance to go to their home and tend their little boys, Roland and Ural.

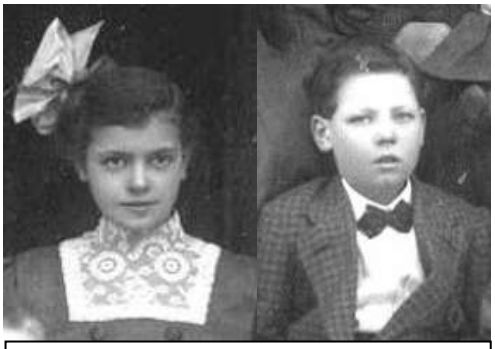
Father wanted to get on a farm, and this was his chance. He had the horses, and he bought a covered wagon, some camp equipment, and a food box and we started out on a camping trip to Green River to look at the country and see if my folks liked it. We children--Glen, Flavo, Thelma, Edith, and I--played in the back of the wagon, and we took our shoes off. My shoe fell out and was lost along the way. While in Green River I had to go barefoot, even to church, and my foot got sore. We met the Wilford Webb family and were asked to have dinner in their small home. Mother had known them in Saint George, and Grandma kept them in yeast, and Mother had been a babysitter for them. My folks liked the place and the climate and wanted to try farming for a change, so they put all they had into buying a farm along the river. On the trip back to Price to get our worldly goods, we were traveling along the same dusty road, and my mother said, "Oh, there is Rela's shoe laying in the road." Apparently, no one had come along the road since we had. I was so glad to have my shoes again.

We loaded all our possessions from Price on a hayrack and wagon, moved to Green River, and made it our home. The farm had many trees on it that my father had to take out, and a house built partly of logs and part lumber on a side hill. Two rooms were built into a hillside and didn't have any windows. The upstairs had a door that opened out to a big gate in the front. There was a row of tall trees along a water ditch that made a waterfall close by our kitchen door. There was a stream of water that fell down a slope, then ran on down to the river around the bank. Here we got water for drinking, for washing, and to bathe in and for all household purposes. It ran on down and watered a nice garden spot, where we had a garden, strawberry patch, and even grew sweet potatoes, and Father set out a nice peach orchard that was doing well. He built a house of logs to store things in. He forded the river where there was a big grove of trees where we gathered dry leaves. My mother always kept two fish lines set in the river, and we watched them for fish to eat.

We were three miles north of Green River town, and we had to go to school in a boarded-up tent with three rows of benches down the middle, with all eight grades and one teacher. I was just old enough to go to school by then. We rode in a cart. Glen and Flavo sat on the seat, and I sat on the hay in the bottom. Sometimes there was a watermelon under the hay to help out with lunch. When the school bell rang in the morning, the little pony would prance around until it was harnessed to the cart.

Sometimes we had contests for entertainment and spelling matches. I remember when our teacher had me stand up to the blackboard in a contest with a big boy to draw a squirrel, and I won the prize. Then she knew I had talent and used me to help with the art class.

My father raised cannonball watermelons. We had an icehouse and we children would go with him in the fall and he would cut blocks of ice from the river and store it after the melons were gone, and we would use it to freeze ice cream during the summer months. We would go out on the desert and gather limestones and throw them in the wagon box, and he would heat them in the lime kiln and make his own lime to build with.



Rela and Urban at ages nine and six

When I was seven and my younger brother Urban was four or five, we had to herd the cows out on the prairie so they could get what green food they could find. We liked to get off the pony and stir the ant beds up and see the ants run or make imaginary outlines of houses with stones we could find. One day the pony was being used to round up cattle and we had to ride old Bell, a large sorrel mare. We got interested playing and the cows got into another pasture. We had to get them out and they had crossed the canal. As we went down the steep bank, we both fell off. We dug into the bank with our fingernails and worked to get out. My dress didn't help any. Old Bell patiently waited for us, and then started along the canal bank, headed for home and we followed, crying. That night I heard my father say, "It's a wonder those kids didn't drown. We just cleaned the canal, and the bank was straight up and down." We never had to herd the cows anymore.

Josephine

Flavo stayed in Green River and helped with the other children, and I went to Price with my mother when Helen was to be born as we didn't have a doctor in Green River and stayed with Aunt Josephine and her husband Uncle George Fausett, as she was to be taking care of my mother. I slept with my mother, but one morning I awoke in my grandmother's bed and room. A new baby girl had come in the night. They called her Helen as Aunt Jo's name was Helena Josephine. When Mother was able to go back to Green River, my father came for us, and I got home to get baptized. My father was in the bishopric, and he baptized me in the Green River one Sunday afternoon when they held sacrament meeting on the riverbank, where it was cooler than in the church house. It was on my birthday, the 28th of August, the same day my sister Helen was blessed and given her name. My father baptized several others. One was a 21-year-old woman, and I was afraid she would pull him in, but he made it. We had a big watermelon patch and my father gathered them in the fall and stored them in the icehouse in dry leaves.

I excelled at school and could say the times tables through the nines. He liked to show me off. They sent to Sears & Roebuck to get me a little pair of brown shoes. I was so proud of my store-bought shoes. I had only homemade shoes made by a man from American Fork, and they were coarse, and I hated them.

We had a peach orchard and there was a big peach boom. People came from the east wanting to buy farms and orchards. When I turned nine, my father said he wanted to look around a little and to do

some visiting. He decided to take my older brother Glen and me. It was to be my first train ride. Flavo was to stay home and help mother with the rest of the family.

On the train my brother Glen went to the restroom, and he found the cutest little bar of soap. He tucked in his shoe so he could show it to us. Next, we went to Provo to visit Father's older sister Estella and family, she and Vern Ekins had Mable and Grant. Grant was about my age. We played Run Sheep Run and other fun games and had fun. Grant told his mother he wanted to marry Rela when he got older. She said, "You can't marry Rela. She is your cousin." He said he had a case on me anyway, and to this day he says the same.

South Jordan house with Helen and Blanche

We got a big price for the Green River farm and moved to South Jordan. Sheppicks met us at the Riverton Depot. Aunt Edith curled my hair, I had ringlets. Father bought the Garside home in South Jordan, the prettiest one in town. It was a beautiful three-story frame house. It had a privet hedge up the front walk, with an arch over the front gate and a lilac hedge up the driveway road, large pine and flowered trees on the lawn and there was a gorgeous peacock included in the deal. When my sister or I went on a date it would rouse up and fly on top of the barn and call to the whole town. Pardon me. I am getting ahead of my story. I was nine years old and had my 10th birthday that August.

Grandmother McMullin, Nancy Jane Ross

We got on the train at the Riverton Depot and rode to Eureka to visit my father's parents, Albert Eals and Nancy Jane McMullin. My father promised them a building lot and promised them he would help them build a house so they could settle down near us in their declining years. And he did.

When I was a little girl my grandmother McMullin told me this, "Rela, I don't think you will ever amount to much. You are too much like your mother." That was a terrible thing to tell a little girl just starting out in life. It told me two things: she was criticizing her daughter in law, and she had no use for me. I don't think she had a granddaughter who tried as hard as I did to prove her wrong, or to succeed as a good mother and wife. Grandmother read a lot. My mother with 11 children didn't have time to read much in her early days, but later she studied a lot as she was president of the Relief Society, president in the stake, and a stake counselor. I was a Relief Society class teacher when she was president and I worked on the stake board for 22 years, first as a literary teacher and then as work leader for years. I went all

around the county and taught the women how to make lamp shades of fiberglass and then how to make homemade soap.

The big house was a lot of work for my father. The first thing I would hear in the morning was the lawnmower, just a push mower. The lawns had to be cut and the hedges trimmed. I was busy with the Beehive girls and my sister with MIA. We soon got acquainted with the girls. I had missed quite a bit of school and had to study hard to catch up with my age group.

Eighth Grade Graduation – Rela is front row left

The house in South Jordan was a popular place as we grew up. On the fourth of July Father would plant gunpowder under big rocks, which would make big noise when exploded. We decorated the balcony, had large slumber parties. All of our cousins came to see us when they came for any reason to the Salt Lake Valley. I had lost some schooling in the moves, but things got better when I was put back with my proper age group in third grade at the South Jordan school. Once I got my eye cut and had to be taken into Salt Lake City to have it dressed. I did well in Junior High. Graduating from the eighth grade I was awarded a gold watch. I still have it.

I thought we had the most beautiful home in South Jordan at that time and we were proud of it. In the winter when it was cold Mother would heat bricks in the oven and Flavo and I would carry them in a gunny sack to keep our feet warm. We didn't have heated buses like they have now.

Mother was sick quite a lot and we had to take turns staying out of school to help her. I had to quit high school at Christmas time and the principal said, "After all Rela, you have only one mother." Yet I was valedictorian along with Naomi Pixton. They said she got it because her father, Seth Pixton, was on the school board. Anyway, she gave a talk, and I gave a dramatic reading.

Miss Thurman, Lucile Thurman, was my gym teacher and she taught me to dance. I was in several plays, and we played to the towns around. I danced as "Queen of the Fairies" in the Shakespeare play and was the leading lady in "Christopher Junior." I won my J.D. pin and still have it. Miss Thurman taught dancing in different towns, and always asked me to dance with her. Sometimes I would stay all night with her in Midvale, and my folks would come for me next day.

Flavo and I both graduated from Jordan High the same year, in 1917. We thought we could have a very pretty dress for the occasion, but at the last thing they said so many went to the extreme and others couldn't afford it, that we had to have a very plain voile dress.

If company came, I always had to prepare a meal for them. I did my best, then Margaret's sister Abby got me a job at Booth's store in Midvale. I had to open the vault and got the money out and put it in the garage, the vegetable and fruit department and the dry goods part of the store. Then at closing time I had to get it out of every department, make a record of sales, and put the money back in this vault. There was a married man clerking in the dry goods section and he wanted me to go on a date with him. I said, "You are married," and he said, "That don't make any difference," and I said, "It does to me." From that day on he was very rude to me, but I didn't care. I hadn't been raised that way.

The McMullin sisters: Blanche, Edith, Helen, Thelma, Rela, Flavo (L to R).

Jordan High Group. Rela is in center. James Robert Bateman is on top row.

All the money I had earned I gave to my father, hoping that would help me go to college. I wanted more art experience, but with my father having eleven children, I knew he couldn't afford it. I was lucky enough to get a place in a group of four boys and four girls from the South Jordan to go to Logan to college when one of the girls left to get married. The group included Robert Bateman and his cousin Robert Pixton from West Jordan, Fay Stewart, and Elgin Morris from Crescent. The girls did the cooking, washing of clothes, ironing, etc., and the boys paid the rent. We all helped with the grocery buying, and we brought things from home. My father being a farmer, I could take flour, cereal, meat, and vegetables from our garden. Robert Pixton's mother made such good sweet pickles and he could take them. We had a secretary who kept count of everything. We all divided the store bill at the little Skanky Grocery close by. The girls did the washing on the board, ironing, cooking and serving the meals, and the boys paid the rent. We had a room upstairs over our kitchen, and the boys had an upstairs room at Dr. Gardener's, a block away where they could study and sleep.

When I had a checkup, Doctor Porter said, "Those tonsils must come out." The appointment was made, and my roommate went with me to the doctor's office. Dr. Porter, the college doctor, did the job. I held the bean-shaped pan while he cut. My roommate passed out. He stopped to lay her down, and then went on. I would have been OK if I had stayed quiet, but with that bunch laughing and talking, I joined in. My throat began to bleed, then hemorrhage, and they had to call the doctor. In the meantime, Robert Bateman, the son of a Patriarch, had the oil. Robert Pixton and his cousin Robert Bateman laid their hands on my head. Robert Bateman gave me such a wonderful blessing, that it was the turning point. I thought a boy that age with so much faith was worth considering. We started to date. He quit school the spring term to work on his grandfather's farm in Taylorsville, take shifts at the smelter, or on the road, anything he could do to earn money to buy a diamond. It was a beauty. I helped pick it out. I still have the check it was bought with. White gold, built up with lacy setting.

We were married in the Salt Lake Temple the 26th of June 1919. We didn't have a big wedding like they have today, just what my mother could set around her long dining room table--mostly Bateman relatives, Aunt Ethel McMullin, my father's brother Elmer's wife, made the pies and others helped. I had only one shower, which my Aunt Edith Sheppick gave me.

Rela and James Robert Bateman 1920

It was time for school to start and Robert, (Bob) most of us called him—only his mother always called her boy Robert—she was very proud of him and his achievements. It was his last year, and he would graduate from Utah State Agriculture College, going out in agronomy animal husbandry. I had had one year at the college, so I took mothercraft and home nursing, also China painting. I did a whole set of dishes with a little tulip flower designs about the size of my thumbnail. It was fired in the college. I still have a few pieces after all these years and have granddaughters' names on them.

We were expecting our first child in June at Bob's graduation time. The baby came on June 6th, a tiny five-pound boy, although not due until the 18th—his delivery was about two weeks early. We decided to name the baby James LaVar. He was born at Bob's parents' home under hard circumstances. I was very ill and lapsed into a coma for some time. Father Bateman called in several Priesthood holders to pray for my recovery. It was several days before I realized that I had a boy. They moved me to my parents' home in South Jordan for recovery. It was the first Sunday in July that he was named James LaVar by his father.

The doctor at Midvale said I had a bad case of albumen and that he would rather give $50 out of his own pocket than to take the case. The only medication was … (part of text missing) … Everyone who visited gave me a drink of milk, I looked so peaked. I didn't have milk enough for him. We never thought of giving him a bottle as they would later but tried to feed him with a spoon. He had rickets but my mother made herb tea for me to drink. We gathered catnip, dried it, and used it a lot.

Bob was assigned to be the superintendent of the state farm about three miles north of Panguitch. He had to get on the job and didn't want to leave until I was out of danger. By the time it was safe for me to travel it was August 6th when my father put me, little LaVar, what I could carry, and a bottle of catnip tea on the train at Midvale. It was a train that stopped at every town to pick up eggs, milk, or vegetables, or drop them off. It was dark when we got to Richfield, the end of the line, and Bob met me with a borrowed car. We still had 65 miles on narrow dirt roads to go to our new home. It was two big

Panguitch Indian School before 1910

rooms in the old Indian School, empty but for a scrubbing brush, rags, and soap. We threw down our blankets and slept on the floor, given out and exhausted. The main house was red brick with several sheds behind, that were eventually torn down to make sheds for the cattle. There was a large double garage that held a buggy and a farm workshop. There was a granary, pig pens, and a deep well under a roof for drinking water. The cattle barns and corrals were about 100 yards away in a field. It had two small schoolhouses in the front and large trees all around the farm.

We began immediately to fix up the old Indian School to make it livable. I painted the big sign over the front gate, "Utah State Experiment Farm." The local paper said, "If you want to see the work of a lady, pass the Experiment Farm. Mrs. Bateman painted it herself."

Bob's job was to raise purebred Herford Bulls for the state. I nearly always had a painting ready to exhibit at the count fair. One woman wanted me to teach her little girls to paint. Another wanted me to teach her children to say pieces, so I had a class in painting and a class for dramatic readings each week.

We drove a small black pony to town for a while, then found out that he was blind, as he would go off the road if he wasn't guided, but it served us for a while. We often rode with someone to Richfield, then rode on the train when going home to South Jordan. Then we got a used car with two small round windows at the back. My husband said he was going to have a good car if he had to go to Richfield and see it loaded off the train. He did just that. It was a big heavy Chrysler with four doors, and little blue curtains at all four windows. He thought it would be fine for travel to South Jordan and West Jordan at Christmas time or other special occasions.

The Chrysler with Bob's mother, Paralee Bateman, second from left and Rela leaning on car.

Grandfather Bateman, my father-in-law, worked at the Midvale smelter as foreman of the baghouse, which screened the smoke from the furnaces. He was a patriarch, the only one in South Jordan, and he gave all four of the boys patriarchal blessings. Grandmother Bateman was a great hand to always have a piece of pie on hand for an of the boys who happened along. As long as she could she liked to have family dinners. Every year when Grandpa Bateman had his vacation the family all loaded into their big open Nash or Overland touring car and headed for Panguitch. Grandma was a short heavy woman who made the car tilt when she stepped on the running board. She loved to cook and always brought lots of food. When they came to Panguitch she had a ham or a turkey with lots of fresh bread, cakes, and fresh vegetables. We couldn't get them

down there. Their married children brought their companions and children if they had any. They made beds all over the lawns. We didn't have a bathtub or running water all the while we were there.

Her son, my husband, knew it was hard on me to have so many so he always planned trips, so the girls had to help. We went to Panguitch Lake, Mirror Lake, Bryce Canyon, and down to Dead Horse Point in Arizona and such places. We took large lunches and everything we could that was good to eat, Dutch ovens to cook on, etc.

Robert was president of the stake MIA and recreation leader. When the Church officers visited Panguitch they always stayed with us. We gave them our bed and room, but they washed in the wash basin from water drawn from the well and assured us that was OK. Sometimes we had the whole family in bed with us on a folding cot.

One day my little Mack was out in the road and a big Buck came along. Mack said, "My mother will give you something to eat." He came into the house, and he didn't have a thing on but some buckskin trousers and a big black braid of hair down his back. One day Mack hid behind a tree by the gate and when Bob drove out the gate, he grabbed the back of he car. As I looked out, he was running as fast has he could and his father was gaining speed. I ran and called him. Just then the speed threw him on the road. It could have killed him but thank heaven it didn't. Mack was my most mischievous son, but he was always generous and still is.

In the summertime groups of Indians passing by would stop to tell their families about the school. At first they would nearly frighten me to death. The Indians often camped along the road, but they were not harmful. They were friendly and appreciated what we did for them. Frank Houston and family lived close to us. He and wife met with us in house parties and church. Bishop Hans P. Ipson always asked us to dinner when we went to Sunday school so we could stay for church. We quickly became busy in the life of the town. We were asked out to several places for parties and meetings. So we had a big party out on our front lawn with a wiener roast and popcorn balls to pay our friends back. They loved it.

Earl and Beulah Allen lived close by. Her birthday came on the same day as mine and we were the same age. Her mother, Mrs. Crosby taught me how to make cheese. She had me get a big new tub that could hold extra milk and the men and boys milked several cows at two milkings. They usually kept what milk we needed, and then let the calves get what they needed. We put color and a preparation in it to make it turn to clabber, and then started cutting the clabber fine, and then finer with our clean hands, and then put it in sacks or cheesecloth. By one of the doors of an unused room we had an old door and a car jack. We kept tightening the jack and let the whey run out on the ground. When it was all pressed, I rubbed it with hot wax every day and turned them over until they were ripe. Bob built a cupboard out in a shanty, where I would lay the cheeses on a shelf. The batch usually made two or three or four. We loved new cheese. I made many of them and saved some to send to Bob's folks and mine at Christmas time.

When we went back up to Salt Lake Valley for Christmas time we always had trouble deciding whose place we would go to—the Batemans or the McMullins. Grandma McMullin was married on New Years, so we usually went there at that time to help them to celebrate. That meant Christmas at Batemans, but both families were invited to both places so we got to seem them all.

After a few years we bought a farm of our own just north of the state farm and hired a couple, the Boyters, to live on it and run it. Grandfather Bateman sent his fine team down to run the farm since he didn't use them anymore. With the hired man we could run both farms together. Both had land that crossed the Sevier River, which ran north to Richfield and Levan.

The Panguitch house in 1924

Robert went on two home missions—one to Hatch Town and one to Tropic. One time they put clean sheets on the bed but the other family just turned down the sheets the children slept in and my husband got seven year itch. Then I got it. If you don't think we had a job getting rid of it. Bathing with water from a teakettle after rubbing ourselves with mustard and lard every day and washing with water from the teakettle. For bathing we heated water that we pulled from the well.

Bob was honest with me. Before we were married, he told me he had lost one eye, but he was very sensitive about it. He went to get his glasses changed and the optometrist said, "My God, have you only one looker?" Bob felt it keenly when he wasn't accepted to go into the service. He had an eye with a large black pupil for night and one with a small pupil for day. I kept them in a clean handkerchief under his pillow and the family didn't know until after his death, when I told them. His father told me many things then. When Bob was two or three, he was sitting in the seat of the Mill wagon where his father worked. The horses started up and little Robert fell off the wagon and cut his eyeball on a piece of coal. The sight was gone but his mother wouldn't let them take it out. They say when one eye goes blind the other follows, but a second accident probably prevented that. He said it was a blessing when they drove into the yard and little Robbie wanted to drive the horse down to the barn. He picked up the lines and the horse kicked him square in the face. It broke his jaw in two places, mashed his nose, and cut his face badly. He spent many months in the LDS hospital, just going home for his birthday and Christmas. He was told that if he had gone 10 more days, he would have lost the sight of the other eye.

Bob at age two

In the early spring of 1928 Bob with two other men traveled to Salt Lake City to buy machinery for a new cheese factory to be built in Panguitch. After they left my little son Mack came in to tell me he was sick. I held Relief Society in my own home for the Three Mile Creek ladies. I was the president, and we did what we could for entertainment. We even went swimming in the river sometimes. I told Mack to lie down until the women went home. Then I called Dr. Bigelow and he came right out. His wife was the Panguitch Relief Society president, and I was her first counselor.

The Doctor said that Mack had typhoid fever. It's a wonder I didn't get it as I was sleeping between a boy with typhoid fever and a nursing baby. Very soon Frank Houston called me and said for me to come to Salt Lake. Robert had typhoid fever and had passed out twice. My folks, knowing that Bob was sick

sent my brother Ross down to take care of the cattle, since he had been there before and knew what to do. He was still a teenager and liked to go sporting in my new 1927 Chrysler to worry me more. But he really came in handy.

Frank Houston said he would take me to Bob. The doctor got me a woman to stay with my sick boy. We traveled all night. There were no freeways then, just a narrow dirt and gravel road. It was morning when we got to West Jordan where Bob was sick in his mother's home. I had taken my six-month-old baby Bertin Kyle with me and left the other three at home. Pres and Myrtle Bateman (Bob's brother kept Bertin for me. When I got there, it was daylight. They said, "Don't kiss him." But I did and laid right down on the bed beside him. He expected me to. They washed my mouth out with alcohol. The nurse was there to help. George Q. Bateman in Logan woke up at 3 am with the thought, he had to see Robert. He got there just before he was gone. Bob said, "What are we going to do in Nauvoo? There is enough money to get along until the boys are older." Then he was gone.

Flowers on Bob Bateman's casket

They took me to get a little black hat, which was the custom then. The funeral was Sunday afternoon. It was a very unusual one. There were 17 couples who came clear from Panguitch. There were some very fine and complementary talks given. I still have a copy of the services and have kept copies of some letters we received.

On Monday morning Ross (who had brought LaVar and Robert up for the funeral) drove my Chrysler and took me back to my sick boy in Panguitch. I could not move until my boy was well. It was the end of the world for me. I gave away my pretty bassinette and my crib and several large cooking utensils, some I later wished I hadn't. But we just had to move fast. Father came down to sell the north farm and the team and straighten things out. We took one young pig in a crate on the running board of the truck that Preston drove down to get my things. I went to the mirror and screamed. I don't know what I saw, but I had a nervous breakdown and Mother stayed with me for a while. Father moved us home with what I didn't give away.

Rela with Mack, LaVar, Alva Robert, and Bertin

With my insurance I bought a lovely lot on which to build a house about ¼ mile north of the West Jordan school on the Bingham highway and Redwood Road west side. We lived one year in a double garage while the house was being built. It was many colored bricks and I designed it myself to take in boarding schoolteachers. I know I had to take care of my family. The kids all had the measles and mumps that year while we all lived in the crowded little garage. That summer I decided to move to South Jordan near my father, so we could keep a cow in his field and teach the boys to work on his farm. We bought a little house from old Mr. Newbold just west of the elementary school and north of Father's big house and barns. LaVar milked the little Jersey cow every morning and night, that Grandpa Bateman had given him to raise. We raised a pig and a coop full of chickens. In the winter

the children from up on Redwood Road rode to school in a horse drawn covered buggy called a “kid wagon.” Snow drifted deep across the road in some winters so wagons could not get through. Then we used a sleigh “kid wagon.”

I took some classes and correspondence courses from the University of Utah that year but realized that I needed to go back to school to prepare to teach. For two years (1930-31 and 1931-32) I went to school at the USAC in Logan. We lived upstairs in the home of George and Edith Bateman at 803 East 8th North in the Logan 10th Ward where the USU stadium is now located. I majored in Art Education and Dramatics, completing my BA with Phi Kappa Phi honors in two years.

Ray Beckstead family in 1930

I taught a year of junior high in Magna and then in May 1933 I married Alfred Ray Beckstead of South Jordan. During that year he and Henry Johnson drove to Magna about once a week to court me and my sister Helen, who was living there to help tend the boys. Snow often drifted 10-15 feet deep on 33rd South between Redwood Road and Magna that winter. My four boys and I moved to South Jordan to join Ray and his three daughters (Ivy, Lova, and Mada) and his son Nello, who were still at home.

1933-35 was a great drought and depression. Ray and the boys milked seven cows and sold milk for 25 cents a gallon to Salt Lake Milk Producers. They had to cut Russian thistle (tumble weeds) green and stack it for feed for the horses and dry cows because there was no hay for them. We mixed sugar beet syrup with the thistle to persuade the animals to eat it. The higher canals on the east and west side of Salt Lake Valley had no irrigation water in them because of the drought.

Work gangs of men with shovels walked the ditch banks cutting morning glory and white top weeds because nothing else would grow. Many men sold their cows or anything else that would make money to qualify to work for the WPA and get paid by the government. But Ray Beckstead’s boys did not believe in government dole and stayed independent. We paid cash for everything or went without.